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LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

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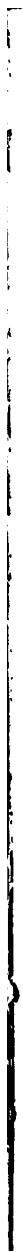


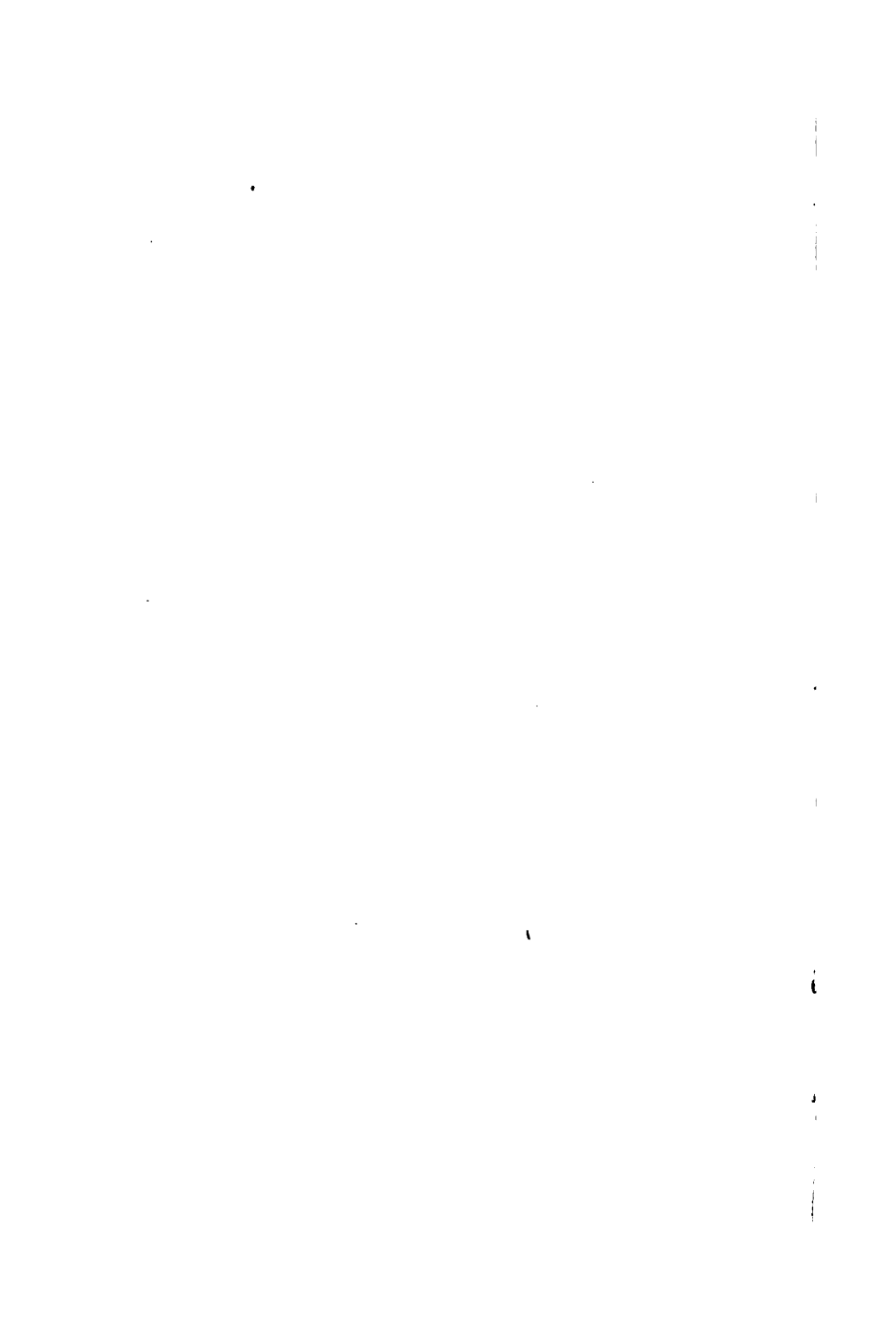
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**LULLABIES AND
SLUMBER SONGS**

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

**WITH A FEW OTHER
CHILD VERSES**

**By
LINCOLN HULLEY**
/

FOURTH EDITION

**PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
LEWISBURG, PA. : : 1901**

TO YOU
AND YOURS

COPYRIGHT, 1900

By LINCOLN HULLEY

Gift of
Mrs. Lincoln Hulley

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Harrisburg, Pa.

**To My Wife
Eloise Mayham Hulley**

868115

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LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS.

ESQUIMAU LULLABY

WRAPPED in the fur of bear or seal
Close and warm, snug and warm,
Journeying straight to the land of the leal
Safe from harm, safe from harm,
Born in the land of ice and snow,
List to the song when the North winds
blow,
Sung to the dear little Esquimau,
Snug and warm, safe and warm :
"Blow, blow, cold winds, blow,
Mother loveth her baby so,
Blow, blow, oh, shout and blow !
Sleep, little Esquimau."

They speed from the place of the great
North star,—
Snug and warm, baby's warm.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

They speed them away to a land afar ;

Baby is snug and warm.

With a terrible blast of their icy breath,
They freeze up the land with the kiss of
death.

While these are the words that the mother
saith

In song to her baby warm :

"Blow, blow, cold winds, blow,

Mother loveth her baby so,

Blow, blow, oh shout and blow !

Sleep, little Esquimau."

With gruff, hoarse voice they bluster and
blow :

"Go to sleep, snug and warm."

And the Esquimau mother sings soft and
low :

"Dream and sleep—snug and warm."

Blow, ye winds, for woe or weal,

Baby is snug in his skin of seal,

And journeyeth safe to the land of the leal,

Seal skin's warm—snug and warm :

"Blow, blow, cold winds, blow,

Mother loveth her baby so,

Blow, blow, oh shout and blow !

Sleep, little Esquimau."

SLEEP, LITTLE DARLING

SLEEP, LITTLE DARLING

SLEEP, little darling, the day is done;
Darkness steals down from the dusky
skies;
Crickets are calling, the night dewes are
falling,
And sleepy stars blink with their pretty
bright eyes.

Bluebells are tolling an elfin lay,
Telling of dreamland and slumber sweet;
List to their chiming and rhythmical rhym-
ing,
Summer is golden and gladsome and fleet.

See yonder fairy with bright gold wings
Dance to the tune of his light guitar,
Dance to the playing of merry maids saying,
"Oh, what a pretty bright fairy you are!"

Now in a circle they slowly wind,
Swinging a cradle of light green moss,
Swaying and swinging, oh, list to their
singing,
As over the cradle dream flowers they toss.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Moonbeams are woven in tangled webs,
Veiling the mist in the baby's eyes;
Slowly he's sinking, his drowsy eyes blink-
ing,
The zephyrs have borne him to dreamy
skies.

A CHARMED SLEEP

YE Nymphs and Sprites of dale and
hill,

Come work your charms on baby Ben;
Some drowsy soothing lotion spill,
Such as ye find in wood and glen.

Spin round his couch your magic webs,
Then twist their ends round some strong
bough;

And as he swings, and day slow ebbs,
Chant round his rest a kindly vow.

Waft to him soft some gentle breeze
To lightly rock his cradle nest,
That with the swaying of the trees
His wakeful heart be lulled to rest.

THE WATER BABIES' LULLABY

Then on his forehead bind some spell
That fairies learn to brew and steam,
That it may soothe and charm him well,
As slumber woos him with a dream.

Then o'er his sleeping form let fall
A coverlet of poppies red,
And of your dream-flowers one and all,
Entwine a wreath around his head.

THE WATER BABIES' LULLABY

FAR, far away in the depths of mid-ocean,
The wee water babies are lulled by a
potion
Distilled by the sirens, whose beautiful singing
The Goddess of Sleep to their eyelids is
bringing.

Over the billows their music goes flying,
Wafted by winds that are singing and
sighing,

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

And the song that they sing is the song
of the sirens,
In cadences swelling through ocean's en-
viroins.

The surf of the sea sings a song that is
steady,
A song that is haunting and ceaseless and
ready,
And it breaks on the ear in a musical
treble,
This song of the surf on the shore to each
pebble.

The little pink shells on the shore softly
murmur
A melody sweet that grows stronger and
firmer,
'Tis the very same song that the sirens are
singing,
Sending soft echoes through all the sea
ringing.

The fishermen's lads, as they lie on their
pillows,
Are charmed by the songs of the musical
billows,

THE LITTLE MOON BABY

And fishermen's wives lull their dear little
ladies,
With lullabies sweet of the wee water
babies.

The gods of the sea wed the nymphs of
the waters,
The merry mermaids and the naiads their
daughters,
And the wee water babies bring honor and
glory,
And figure in every old sea song and
story.

THE LITTLE MOON BABY

HAVE you ever heard of the man in
the moon,
Whose round tower house is on high?
His wife is the woman who rode on the
broom,
The cobwebs to sweep from the sky.
And a wee little toddler they have in their
home,
And a bonny wee cradle for him,

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

And they rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-
bye some,
And they've a dipper and ladle for him.

His cradle appears far away in the west,
Just after the sun has gone down,
A fine golden crescent to rock him to rest,
When the lights have gone out in the
town.

And then in that cradle way up in the blue,
Where the south wind blows soft through
his hair,
They rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye
boo

The baby consigned to their care.

Oh! the man in the moon is a very fine
man,

His wife is a lady I know.

But the very best thing—you may guess if
you can—

Is the little moon baby, heigh ho!

He nestles himself in the cradle so neat,

His cover is maidenhair fern,

Then rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye,
sweet,

But promise us soon to return.

THE LARK'S NESTING SONG

THE LARK'S NESTING SONG

HEIGH ho ! who cares for weather?
Birds of a feather flocking together;
Heigh ho ! under the heather
Meadow larks love to build.

Hark to the lark, to the lark in the
meadow !

Sunshine or rain her building goes on,
Singing with joy to her mate of their treasures,
Saying, "The children will find us at

home."

Heigh ho ! who cares for weather?
Birds of a feather flocking together ;
Heigh ho ! under the heather
Meadow larks love to build.

Near to the window a mother is crooning
Lullabies sweet to her baby boy ;
She nestles the little one close to her
bosom

The while she is hearing the meadow
lark's joy.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Heigh ho! who cares for weather?
Birds of a feather flocking together;
Heigh ho! under the heather
Meadow larks love to build.

BYLOLAND

SWING in your hammock to Byloland,
Byloland, Byloland;
Swinging and swaying to Byloland,
Gently, slowly away.
The day's far spent and the night is at
hand,
We're now on the border of Byloland,
Where the pretty wood fairies will wave
their wand,
In Byloland.

Floating and drifting to Byloland,
Byloland, Byloland;
Lulled in his hammock to Byloland,
Softly, surely away,
Like a lonely cloud on a summer sky,
Or mild sea winds when the moon is high,
So goeth our dear little baby bye
To Byloland.

THE POPPY GARDEN

Rocked in his hammock to Byloland,
Byloland, Byloland;
Smiling and dreaming in Byloland,
Loved by a fairy fay.
The bells of Elfland are tolling a lay,
The very same one that the fairies play,
On the bluebell's rim ere the break of
day,
In Byloland.

THE POPPY GARDEN

A BEAUTIFUL garden, the garden of
sleep,
Is growing, is blooming.
Its gateway is sacred, its avenues deep,
The trailing ground laurels all over it
creep,
While pretty dream fairies their night vigils
keep
Over the dream flowers blooming.

When Morpheus prepares to receive all his
guests
So softly and slowly,

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

When singing birds cuddle them down in
their nests,
And marybuds wearily nod on their breasts,—
The poppies then open their gay colored
vests
So meekly and lowly.

Then children go down to the garden at
night
Right merrily singing.
They come to the flowers so richly be-
dight,
And gaily they garland them in the moon-
light;
They weave in a chaplet of dream flowers
bright
All tenderly clinging.

While other wee maidens encompassed with
care
Are pining and weeping,
Go gather me poppies to weave in thy
hair,
The poppies that grow in the garden out
there
The drowsiest, sleepest poppies, my Fair—
Speak softly, she's sleeping.

MAMMY'S LITTLE HONEY BOY

MAMMY'S LITTLE HONEY BOY

LITTLE nigger baby on his mammy's
black breast,

Mammy's little honey boy.

Fightin' with the sandman, does his level
best,

Mammy's little honey boy.

Mammy's gwine to eat you cause you's
just molasses sweet,

Mammy's sweet persimmon you, guess you
can't be beat,

Eyes a-battin'—teeth a-shinin'—my, but
you is neat!

Mammy's little honey boy.

Daddy's on a coon hunt,—love him, 'deed
I do,

Mammy's little honey boy,

Bring us home some 'possum meat, coon
meat, too,

Mammy's little honey boy.

Squinch owl hootin' in the big black wood,
Coon dog a-barkin' like a coon dog should,
Bogie man 'll catch you if you don't be good,

Mammy's little honey boy.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Pickaninny kickin' in his corn husk bed,
Mammy's little honey boy.
Folks 'll think you's Irish, kinky woolly
head,
Mammy's little honey boy.
Rollin' in the dirt on the old sandy
floor,
Eatin' hunks of johnny cake at the cabin
door,
Dodgin' in the bushes when a-runnin' from
the boar,
Mammy's little honey boy.

Little nigger baby is asleep on mammy's
breast,
Mammy's little honey boy.
Mammy's colored cherub is a-dreamin' of
the blest,
Mammy's little honey boy.
Chasin' round the cotton fields in the land
of dreams,
Hears the banjo pickin' and he knows just
what it means,
Climbin' up to glory on some wabbly sun-
beams,
Mammy's little honey boy.

THE PIXIE FOLK

THE PIXIE FOLK

THE Pixie people live up in the skies,
They are pale and pretty and very
wise,
And they like little children with bright
blue eyes,
And are kind and good to them.

They pitch their tents by the Milky
Way;
They dance down the lane with the fairy
fay;
They dance and they sing till the break of
day—
Don't you want to go look at them?

'Neath the shimmer and sheen of the pale
moonlight,
'Neath the silent stars with their golden
light,
You may see all these folk on a summer
night,
If you keep a good watch for them.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Then off to the skies, and — oh, please say
for me
That I want them to give sweet dreams
to thee !
And then, dear, return to the earth and
be
Very good to me and them.

A SLUMBER SONG

COME, little bird, with the rich full
note,

Trill for the baby your sweetest lay;
Trill, little bird, trill, little bird,
Trill for him all the day.

Come, little bee, with the deep low hum,
Buzz for the baby a good bass song;
Buzz, little bee, buzz, little bee,
Buzz to him low and long.

Come, little bell, with the silver ring,
Toll for the baby some fairy rune;
Toll, little bell, toll, little bell,
Toll him your softest tune.

INDIAN LULLABY

Come, little girl, with the gentle voice,
Sing to the baby some lullaby;
Sing, little girl, sing, little girl,
Sing to our baby-bye.

INDIAN LULLABY

DEEP in the forest an Indian mother
Croons to her baby boy,
Tells him a tale of the wildly strange wood
life,
Fills his young heart with wild joy.
Screech of the night owl, whine of the
panther,
Hiss of the serpent, scream of the goose—
Scare not your red friend, dusky-skinned
brother,
Indian's brave young papoose.

Near to the tent door Great Hawk is
sleeping,
Dreaming of war and the chase,
Great Hawk, the hunter and terrible war-
rior,
Bravest and best of his race.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Screech of the night owl, whine of the
panther,
Hiss of the serpent, scream of the goose—
Scare not your red friend, dusky-skinned
brother,
Indian's brave young papoose.

Down through the pine tops shines the soft
moonlight,
Papoose swings under the trees;
Papoose is wondering what means the
moonlight,
What secret whispers the breeze.
Screech of the night owl, whine of the
panther,
Hiss of the serpent, scream of the
goose —
Scare not your red friend, dusky-skinned
brother,
Indian's brave young papoose.

Far in the deep woods wild wolves are
barking,
Sleep, little papoose, oh, sleep!
Over the moon's face storm clouds are dark-
ling,
• Over the papoose comes sleep.

INDIAN LULLABY

Screech of the night owl, whine of the
panther,
Hiss of the serpent, scream of the goose—
Scare not your red friend, dusky-skinned
brother,
Indian's brave young papoose.

Thunder, O black sky! flash, flash, ye
lightnings!

Papoose knows nothing of fear;
Clouds with the rain drops, tell, tell your
anguish!

Papoose shall not shed a tear.
Screech of the night owl, whine of the
panther,
Hiss of the serpent, scream of the
goose—
Scare not your red friend, dusky-skinned
brother,
Indian's brave young papoose.

Swayed by the breezes, papoose is dream-
ing,

Lone Wolf has crooned him to rest,
Lone Wolf, the mother, lies under his ham-
mock,
Sleeping, yet guarding the nest.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Screech of the night owl, whine of the
panther,
Hiss of the serpent, scream of the goose—
Scare not your red friend, dusky-skinned
brother,
(Indian's brave young papoose.

BROTHER BEN

5 A. M.

HE'S a noisy little boy, brother Ben.
He's as dainty as a toy, brother Ben.
He's a merry, merry laugh,er,
He's a jolly, jolly chaffer,
He's a funny, funny gaffer, brother Ben.

9 A. M.

He's a thirsty little boy, brother Ben.
He's as hungry as a bear, brother Ben.
He's a pesky little teaser,
He could eat an ice-cream freezer,
He's as bold as Julius Cæsar, brother Ben.

12 NOON

He's a dirty little boy, brother Ben.
He's no longer mother's joy, brother Ben.

A FAIRY LULLABY

He's been playing in the puddle
Till his clothes are in a muddle,
He's too dirty now to cuddle, brother Ben.

4 P. M.

He's a bossy little boy, brother Ben.
He's beginning to annoy, brother Ben.
He's his father's little codger,
He's his mother's artful dodger,
He's a very welcome lodger, brother Ben.

7 P. M.

He's a tired little boy, brother Ben.
He's a drowsy little boy, brother Ben.
He has lost his love of frolic,
He must have a spell of colic,
Here, a dose of "palegolic," brother Ben.

A FAIRY LULLABY

A PRETTY young fairy got ready to
sleep,
As all pretty fairies should do.
He gave to his mother his treasures to
keep—
This fairy was pretty, like you.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

He climbed just as fast as his little legs
could,
And cuddled him down where the sleeping
was good,
He did just exactly what all fairies
would,
And delighted his mother, too.

She hugged him and cooed him and prom-
ised to keep
A watch on his treasures so rare;
Then sang to him softly and rocked him
to sleep,
And smoothed back his light golden
hair.
And there, on the edge of a bright fairy
sea,
She lulled him to rest with a sweet
melody,
That lingered in mind like a dear memory,
To soften his childish care.

And now mother's darling should lay down
his head,
And pillow it safe on her breast.
He's tired and sleepy and ready for bed,
So settle right down in his nest.

"BORN BY REQUEST"

The fairies will dance with their fairy queen,
And no one shall know what the baby has
 seen ;
The fairies have found him and love him,
 I ween ;
I'll lay him down here to rest.

"BORN BY REQUEST"

O CHILD of the ancient promise
 That "twain shall become one flesh,"
His soul and my soul united,
 Caught in this dainty rose mesh ;
Fashioned in silence and darkness,
 Awaiting the day of the Lord ;
Springing to life in a moment
 When speaks the Eternal Word ;

Thine eyes with the crystal lenses,
 Their curtains uphung in the dark ;
Thy resonant chords for music
 Surpassing the meadow lark ;
Thine ear with its delicate fittings,
 And the drum set in behind,—
Were wrought in the silent chambers
 Of the deaf and the dumb and the blind !

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

O child of the future promise
To blossom and bud and bloom,
To rise in the strength of Jehovah,
To bring the Lord's joy for gloom;
Welcome, thrice welcome, thine advent,
Since that thou wast born by request,
Pledge of a love that is endless,
Devoted and happy and blest!

Sprung from the womb of a woman,
From out of the weak the strong;
Go forth in the might of Elijah
To battle for right against wrong.
The scepter of love be thy scepter,
Thy mandates speed swift upon wings;
Though humble and lowly thy coming,
Thou shalt one day be crowned among
kings.

GOING TO LONDON TOWN

AS I was going to London town
On a great big stone I sat me down,
And watched the people that passed me by,
Who carried such loads it made me cry.

GOING TO LONDON TOWN

One was tired and stopped to rest;
Another was sleepy, so sleep was best.
By the side of the road they laid them
down,
The way was weary to London town.

I counted the men of great renown
Who journeyed the way to London town;
Some lost their money and some their
fame,
And each of them quite forgot his name.

I counted the men who lagged behind,
So weary they were they soon grew blind;
Their loads were heavy, they all bowed
down
Before they arrived at London town.

Some were arrayed in cap and gown,
Trudging along to London town.
Their steps grew slower and still more slow,
Until not a man could further go.

How many men can you count, let's see,—
"Five and a dozen make nearly three"?
You must be sleepy, so, dear, go down
Along with the rest to London town.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

A NESTING SONG

TWO happy robins are building a nest,
Talking and singing of summer,
Gathering grasses and twigs that are best,
Meet for their home in the summer.

Then O for the joys of the midsummer
days,

For the babes 'neath the midsummer skies,
And O for the calm of a midsummer eve,
And the warble of bird lullabies !

Over the meadows they scurry with haste—
Welcome, thrice welcome, the summer!—
Their hearts all a-flutter, no moment to
waste,

For days speed away into summer.

Then O for the joys of the midsummer
days,

For the babes 'neath the midsummer skies,
And O for the calm of a midsummer eve,
And the warble of bird lullabies !

Winging and singing they never take rest,—
Always a song of the summer!—
Round as a barrel they fashion their nest,
Open on top o the summer.

THE NEW ARRIVAL

Then O for the joys of the midsummer
days,
For the babes 'neath the midsummer skies,
And O for the calm of a midsummer eve,
And the warble of bird lullabies !

Autumn has come and the young ones have
fled,
And gone is the gladness of summer ;
The light and the glory of nesting have sped,
But memory stays of the summer.

Then O for the joys of the midsummer days,
For the babes 'neath the midsummer skies,
And O for the calm of a midsummer eve,
And the warble of bird lullabies !

THE NEW ARRIVAL

I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I am weary, I am tired, let me sleep.
Oh, such a journey !
The angels led me ;
The night was darkness ;
And I am spent —
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I would tarry, I would tarry for the night.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I am weary, let me tarry for the night.

I have no name, sir ;
I came from nowhere ;
I have no comrades ;
None know me here —

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
Let me tarry, let me tarry for the night.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I am sleepy, I would tarry for the night.

What did you say, sir ?
I'm very welcome ?
You have a name, too ?
And I may stay ?

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I shall tarry, then, shall tarry many a night.

MOTHER'S LITTLE SUNSHINE

HO! Fairies, here comes a wee worn
pilgrim,
He's drowsy and tired, so be good to him ;
Open your palace gates wide to him,
And let my dear Sunshine in.

MOTHER'S LITTLE SUNSHINE

He has been on the outs such a long, long
while,
And his head nods now, and he'll hardly
smile,
And he cried just a bit,—say you will on trial
Let my nice Sunshine in?

Oh! Fairies, you don't know how good
he is,
Nor how much you would pay for one hug
of his,
Nor how full of sweet wine is one baby kiss;
Won't you let my Sunshine in?

Like morning dewes were the tears in his
eyes,
And his bosom heaved with the deepest of
sighs,
But now merry dimples and smiles arise,
So please let my Sunshine in.

There he goes through the gates to the
bright sunland,
Like a ray of light from the rainbow's band,
And he holdeth our hearts in his tiny sweet
hand,
Now my dear Sunshine's in.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

DANCE, FAËRIES, DANCE

UNDER the light of the silvery moon,
Dance, faeries, dance.
Dance to a frolicsome rhythmical rune,
Dance, faeries, Dance.
The Faeries circle around their queen
And dance together upon the green
With many a courtesy low, I ween.
Dance, faeries, dance.

The fireflies flit over forest and field,
Dance, faeries, dance.
Each carries a lantern 'neath wing concealed,
Dance, faeries, dance.
With footfalls light on the grassy ground,
The faeries scamper and race around,
And merrily skipping they leap and bound.
Dance, faeries, dance.

The fireflies lend such a glimmer and glow,
Dance, faeries, dance.
They zigzag over the dancers slow,
Dance, faeries, dance.

A SUMMER NIGHT

When children asleep in their beds are
seen,
The faeries flutter and dance between,
In a kind of mythical mystical sheen.
Dance, faeries, dance.

A SUMMER NIGHT

SILENT night, peaceful night,
Still shine on, stars of light;
Hushed are the winds of the summer night,
Soft fall the dewes of the starry night,
While the storm king is sleeping.

Lovely night, starry night,
Soft and clear, clear and bright,
Sweet is the peace of the pale moonlight,
Mild is the shine of the soft starlight,
While the calm earth is sleeping.

Hail, O night, glorious night,
Restful, fair, balmy, bright!
Gentle and still is the calm old night,
Tender and kind is the good old night,
While the wood life is sleeping.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Holy night, sacred night,
Sleep and dream, soft and light;
Slumber is sweet in the tranquil night,
Potent the spell of the moon to-night,
While our sweet boy is sleeping.

OFF IN THE COUNTRY WHERE DREAMLAND LIES

OFF in the country where dreamland lies
Baby shall have a new dolly.
Yonder the little ones bake mud pies,
Oh, but their playing is jolly!
They swing and they swing till the swing
gives out,
Dear little, sweet little Chérie,
They laugh and they chatter, they shout
and they shout;
Never were children so merry.

Off to the country where dreamland lies
Mother will lead her wee lady,
Talk to her, sing to her sweet lullabies,—
Never was there such a baby.

THE BUMBLE-BEE BABIES

They scamper, they frolic the whole forenoon,
The children out there are so happy;
They play Mother Hubbard and Man in
the Moon,
Who never had any grandpappy.

Off in the country where dreamland lies
Babies are sweeter than honey,
Drawn by a tandem of swift fairy flies,
My, but these people are funny!
Their children, the prettiest, tiniest tots,
Will dance till they nearly go crazy;
Then sleep in the queerest and sweetest
of cots
Off in the mist land so hazy.

THE BUMBLE-BEE BABIES

THE bumble-bee babies are busy young
bees,
Wherever sweet honey is found,
Out in the clover they're working to-day,
Buzzing and booming around.
Oh, isn't it funny
To gather sweet honey

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

In clover fields sunny—buzz, buzz!
They look around slyly,
They seem a bit wily,
And answer up dryly — buzz, buzz !

But bumble-bee babies get tired at last,
And drowsy dive down to their hive,
They mumble a lullaby soft to themselves,
So happy to know they're alive.

They say, "It is funny
To gather sweet honey
In clover fields sunny — buzz, buzz !
To store it up gaily
And sip at it daily
May seem a bit scaly — buzz, buzz!"

Then bumble-bee babies go dreaming all
night,

Of clover fields blooming by day,
Of sunshine and shadow and honey cups full,
To cheer bumble-bees on their way.

Oh, isn't it funny
To gather sweet honey
In dreams that are sunny—buzz, buzz!
To grow up so wealthy
In ways that are stealthy,—
It's a life that is healthy—buzz, buzz!

THE SEA OF SLEEP

THE SEA OF SLEEP

OVER the silent sea of sleep
Low and slow the sun goes down.
Full on the face of the waters creep
The shadows of Sleepy-town.
Then oh, for the boats that are fast slipping out,
And oh, for the fish with the gold in their mouth,
And it's oh, for the little folk sailing about
On that beautiful silent sea!

Over the silent sea of sleep
Sail those boats when day is done;
Over the face of that ocean deep,
They speed away one by one.
Then oh, for the wonderful sights to be seen
In that beautiful land of the mist and sheen,
And it's oh, for the journey that lies between,
On that beautiful silent sea!

Over the silent sea of sleep
Soft and slow the sea winds blow.
The boats spread sail and the boatmen keep
Their eyes on the rocks below.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

To the beautiful islands beyond the sea
Now saileth that beautiful argosy.
How good is the ship, and how good to be
On that beautiful silent sea!

CHILDLESS

I. BEREAVED

OH, how my heart is aching
At the sight of that empty nest;
How I yearn once more to hold him,
And to feel his soft tug at my breast!
The summers may come and go,
Each day die down in the west,
Forever I'll feel my anguish,
He'll never come back to the nest.

II. BARREN

Oh, what a nameless longing
Is this that steals my rest!
Oh, for the joy of a mother,
And the sweet soft tug at the breast!
For other lives baby laughter,
Their prattle and zeal and zest;
For me there is nought but silence,
And yearning and deep unrest.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

III. BAFFLED

Oh, what an idle dreaming!
To submit to my fate is best.
Was this strong man e'er so tiny
That he used to tug at my breast!
He has given his heart to another,—
My hopes have proved all a jest;
He has gone from his old, old mother.
Since life has so willed, it is best.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

THE winds are murmuring in the pines,
Sleep, baby, sleep.
Their music lulls with the lazy lines,
Sleep, baby, sleep.
O winds, blow soft, and winds, blow slow!
Sleep, baby, sleep.
And ever their whispering voices go,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Oh, shrill and clear is the cricket's call!
Sleep, baby, sleep.
Repeating it over and over to all,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

The lights are lit when the sun goes down,
Sleep, baby, sleep.
And slumber comes to the drowsy town,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Hushed are the winds in the murmuring
pines,
Sleep, baby, sleep.
And hushed the lilt of the lazy lines,
Sleep, baby, sleep.
Quenched are the lights in the sleepy town,
Sleep, baby, sleep.
But sentinel stars are gazing down,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

THE DREAM SHIP

THE dream ship lies in the harbor near,
Gently rocking on the tide;
The passengers enter it one by one,
All bound for the ocean wide.

The dream ship slips from its moorings now,
Slowly drifting with the tide;
Its cabins are laden with little souls,
There's room for one more beside.

THE COMING OF NIGHT

The dream ship turns toward the open sea,
Gliding, floating on the tide;
The pilot is steering it faithfully,
While outward and on they ride.

The dream ship merrily onward goes,
Safely moving with the tide;
Far on the ocean of sleep it sails,
With compass, and chart, and guide.

The dream ship suddenly homeward turns,
Swiftly rolling on the tide;
And loud are the calls of the children dear,
Who into the harbor glide.

THE COMING OF NIGHT

OH, a big black bogie man's a-comin'
down the lane,
Hush, keep quiet, little honey!
He comes to the house and puts his face
against the pane,
Hush, keep quiet, little honey!
Oh, bogie man, bogie man, please go away,
Sun-man 'll catch you at the break of day!

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Oh, the big black bogie man's a-hidin' in
the shed,

Hush, keep quiet, little honey!

Oh, he 'll never, never catch you if you go
to sleep in bed,

Hush, keep quiet, little honey!

Oh, bogie man, bogie man, please go and play,
Sun-man 'll catch you at the break of day!

Oh, the big black bogie man's gone over
all the land,

Hush, keep quiet, little honey!

But the old Sun-man 'll grab the bogie
by the hand—

Hush, keep quiet, little honey!

Oh, bogie man, bogie man, please don't stay,
Sun-man 'll catch you at the break of day.

A LULLABY

ROCK-a-bye, rock-a-bye,
Swaying, swinging, rock-a-bye,
Dreamy, drowsy rock-a-bye,
Fretful and cross is the baby bye,
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye.

FISHER'S LULLABY

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye,
Quiet, silent hush-a-bye,
Tranquil, peaceful hush-a-bye,
Tired and limp is the baby bye,
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Gentle, sleepy lullaby,
Tender, soothing lullaby,
Peaceful the dreams of the baby bye,
Lullaby, lullaby.

FISHER'S LULLABY

LISTEN to that! 'tis the mermaid's
song,
Wafted and tossed by the breeze along,
She sings to her maidens she sits among,
"Babies should go to sleep!"

The sea gulls call as they scud the wave,
The winds repeat as they loudly rave,
"We love little children who well be-
have,
Babies should go to sleep."

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Thy father is fishing on yonder sea,
To bring to his sweet little girlic and me
A fish and a pearl and a kiss, all three,—
 Baby must go to sleep.

So go and fish in the fairy sea;
Bring home some pearls to thy father, see?
And a string of gold fish for thyself and
 me,—
 Baby is near asleep.

Lulled to sleep by the sea's loud roar,
Fainter and fainter upon the shore,
Till she hears the breakers no more, no
 more,
 Baby is fast asleep.

DANCE FOR YOUR DADDIE

“**O**H, dance for your daddie! Oh, dance
 for him, boy!
Dance for your daddie and thrill him with
 joy!”
Strong are his paddies, and supple his legs,
And lusty his lungs when for dancing he begs.

DANCE FOR YOUR DADDIE

And so he leaps hearty and dances with
glee,
His life is so happy and healthy and free,
His eyes twinkle merry, and down to his
chin
His face is lit up with a comical grin.

"Oh, sleep for your daddie, now sleep for
him, boy!
Sleep for your daddie and get a new toy!"
Tired of dancing, he sinks to his rest,
And cuddles him down for the night in
his nest.

And so he sleeps hearty, and healthy his
dreams,
Too deep for disturbance or horrors or
screams;
For tired and weary and worn out with fun,
He slumbers and sleeps to be up with the
sun.

"So dance for your daddie and sleep for
him, too,
Dancing and sleeping your strength will
renew;
Dancers and sleepers will grow to be men,
So dance for me, sleep for me, over again."

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

THE STORK

MY home is away by the side of the
sea,

High up on the branch of an evergreen tree;
My work is to visit each house in the land,
And carry it joy in a swaddling band.

My toes are spread out like a triple-pronged
fork,—

Because, as you see, I am only a stork,—
They stand by me all the long journeys I
take,

To carry my babies o'er mountain and brake.

I wrap up my babies so snug and so warm
That night airs and darkness can do them
no harm;

Then pick out the people I like much the
best,

And up with a baby I speed from the nest.

I alight on the edge of a high chimney top,
Then down to the bottom I go with a flop,
Deliver my bundle, and whisper, "Good-bye,"
Then back to my breezy house lazily fly.

A NOCTURNE

A NOCTURNE

*"Their angels do always behold the face of my
Father which is in Heaven"*

ANGEL forms from heaven's gate winging,
Oh, glorious sight!
List, oh list, of God's love singing,
On through the night.

Sentinels with radiance streaming,
Robed all in white,
Hover softly round him dreaming,
On through the night.

Softly treading, slowly moving,
Bathed all in light,
Blessed ones our God's love proving,
On through the night.

Bending lightly o'er him sleeping,
On left and right,
Still your faithful vigils keeping,
On through the night.

Heavenly ones now round him kneeling,
Blessed and bright,
All his baby sorrows healing,
On through the night.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Hush his moaning, still his crying,
With heavenly might;
Soothe his baby sobs and sighing,
On through the night.

Cared for thus asleep and waking,
Who fears the fight?
Confidence and new strength taking,
On through the night.

OFF IN THE LAND OF THE FAIRIES

ROCK-a-bye, baby, thy mother is here,
Haste to the land of the fairies.
Rock-a-bye, baby, there's nothing to fear,
Off in the land of the fairies.
Soft is the touch of a fairy's wing,
Sweet are the songs that the fairies sing,
True are the dreams that the fairies bring,
Off in the land of the fairies.

Rock-a-bye, baby, the birds sing so sweet,
Off in the land of the fairies.
Rock-a-bye, baby, there's gold in the street,
Off in the land of the fairies.

GYPSY LULLABY

Slumber, come close his two bright blue eyes,
Fairies, come carry him off to your skies,
Baby shall go where the dream-house lies,
Off in the land of the fairies.

Rock-a-bye, baby, the journey is short
Into the land of the fairies.
Rock-a-bye, baby, there's frolic and sport
Off in the land of the fairies.
Bright are the smiles of the fairy king,
Baby shall want there for no good thing,
Baby shall wear a nice golden ring.
Off in the land of the fairies.

GYPSY LULLABY

SLEEP 'neath the stars on a summer
night,

Little brown gypsy baby.
Dream of the sunlands happy and bright,
Little brown gypsy baby.
Wandering here and there over the earth,
Stranger at last in the land of thy birth,
Stranger to sympathy, happiness, mirth,
Little brown gypsy baby.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Sleep 'neath the trees of the summer night,
 Little brown gypsy baby.
Dream of the mystical fairy wood sprite,
 Little brown gypsy baby.
Brownies dance under thy resting place,
Fairies are fanning thy pretty brown face,
Jolly young cupids will come on apace,
 Little brown gypsy baby.

Sleep in the camp on a summer night,
 Little brown gypsy baby.
For their sweet idol gypsies would fight,
 Little brown gypsy baby.
Wayward of heart are a gypsy's ways,
Vagabond nature he strays and strays,
Wilful and free to the end of days,
 Little brown gypsy baby.

THE SANDMAN

THE sandman lives in a great big tent
By the shore of the Twilight sea,
And he speeds him forth when the day is
 spent,
And he hurries across the lea.

THE SANDMAN

Then he digs and digs for the whitest
sand,
Which he sifts very thin and fine;
And he piles it in heaps by the ocean
strand,
As the lights in the sky decline.

Then he hastes from the shore with his big
sand pail,
For he has a great work to do;
And he follows a beautiful backwoods'
trail
To the dwellings of Peekaboo.

Then he harries the town for the weary
lads,
And the lassies so sweet and small;
Throws dust in their eyes from his dusty
pads,
Till he sprinkles them one and all.

He closes their eyes with his thin, fine
sand,
When they drop their wee nodding heads;
And mother just cuddles them soft with her
hand
As she trundles them off to their beds.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

THE NEW-BORN BABE

MOTHER'S new-born babe just sleeps
and sleeps,

And he hardly, if ever, awakes;
The dear nurse says that she peeps and
peeps

At the very least sound he makes.

He's a very small mite,

With his paddies shut tight,

And he hasn't the ghost of a hair;

From his feet to his head,

He is Indian red,

Though his father asserts that he's fair.

If he wakes at night, he squalls and squalls

Like a double-barreled nursery horn;

If he wakes by day he bawls and bawls,

And he has since the hour he was
born.

From his wee finger tips,

To his red ruby lips,

He's a lively little acrobat —

From his pretty wee nose,

To his dainty bare toes —

Just as if he were made to be that.

A STORY FOR BEDTIME

A STORY FOR BEDTIME

OH, tell us the story that never grows
old,

That charms us each time that we hear!
How, tenderly taking a child in his arms,
The Good Man allayed all their fear.

The story is sweeter the oftener told—
The Good Man took some in his arms,
And kissed them and said they were pre-
cious to him,
So sweet were their graces and charms.

"Don't send them away, but allow them to
come,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven;
And, except ye become little children as they,
No kingdom to you shall be given."

And the little ones nestled up close to his
breast,
As, later, their big brother John.
He petted and patted them there on his
breast,
And gave them his blessing, each one.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

So now, when dear mother is willing to tell
A story on going to bed,
We ask her to tell us the story of him
Who patted each child on the head.

A CHILD'S DREAM

O H, mother, just think of the dream
that I've had,
It wakened me up with a start;
The brownies were wheeling the fairies
about,
And each in a little go-cart!
Just then there oozed out of a red clover
top
The king of the bright fairy land;
He rode a grasshopper that went with a
hop;
They alighted right here on my hand.

The king was arrayed in a web of moon-
beams;
His hat he held on with his hand;
His coat was a marvel of silvery sheen;
His sash was a bright rainbow band.

THE LAMB OUTSIDE THE FOLD

The king drank sweet honey from white
flower-cups;

His eyes were as glittering as glass;
His armor was velvety, vaporous dew;
His sword was a blade of green grass.

A mosquito was playing a tiny guitar
On the edge of a funny old stump,
And he sang, "Mister Hopper, how funny
you are!

Say, how did you come with that hump?"
But a lizard crept out of the shell of a snail,
And laid out the flea with a stroke,
Then turned himself round on the tip of
his tail,
And,—mother dear, then I awoke.

THE LAMB OUTSIDE THE FOLD

THE good shepherd tenderly cares for
his sheep;

When the night with the rain sets in;
The good shepherd foldeth them safely to
sleep,
Ere the cold night rains begin.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

But one little lamb strays off from the
fold

Ere the night with the rain sets in;
It loses its way o'er the mountains cold
Ere the cold night rains begin.

So the good shepherd goes with his crook
and cloak,

As the night with the rain sets in;
And he finds his lamb with its poor leg
broke
As the cold night rains begin.

He wraps the dear lamb to his bosom
warm,

When the night with the rain sets in,
And he cuddles it safe with the rest from
harm,
As the cold night rains begin.

Now mother's wee lamb far away from the
fold,—

See, the night with the rain sets in!
So off with the sheep to the sheep-pen
old
Ere the cold night rains begin.

GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN'S DREAMS

GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN'S DREAMS

COME, go to bed and sleep, and dream
Of cakes and pies and frozen cream,
Of things to eat and things to do,
And other things just made for you.

But naughty girls and naughty boys,
Who spend their time in what annoys,
Will dream of ugly snakes and toads,
And goblins green on country roads.

They dream of bats and cats and rats,
Of bugs and worms and grubs and gnats,
Of ugly dogs and frogs and hogs,
Of newts and slugs in swamps and bogs.

But if such children have been good,
They dream of cake and angel food,
Of Christmas joys and bright new toys,
Just made for lovely girls and boys.

They dream of coats and brand-new boats,
Of silver seas where moonlight floats;
They dream of drums and sugar plums,
And hold them tight between their thumbs.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

So go to bed and sleep, and dream
Of cakes and pies and frozen cream,
Of things to eat and things to do.
Your dreams will surely all come true.

RETURN OF THE DREAM SHIP

THERE is red in the East and a mack-
erel sky,
Will the turn of the tide begin?
Some have scanned the sea with an aching
eye,
Will the good old ship come in?

And some of the mothers will moan and
weep
When the ship comes rolling in,
For their loved ones have gone far away on
the deep,
And will not with the ship come in.

But many a heart beats high with pride
As the tide sets moving in,
And are planning to open their arms out wide
To the passengers coming in.

A VESPER SONG

There's a music sweet in the old fog horn
As the tide comes rolling in;
And the bell buoy tolls on the merry morn,
As the fine old ship comes in.

Oh, well for my sleepy lad on the sea
When the tide to return sets in!
'Tis well for the sailor lad and me
When the good old ship is in.

A VESPER SONG

THE faded leaves are falling,
The flying rooks are calling,
The sun sinks low in yonder rosy west.
The tired winds are sighing,
The passing day is dying,
The earth is hushed in rest, sweet rest.

The busy bee's slow mumble,
The noisy street's low rumble
Have ceased, and all the scene is silent now.
The joyous day's bright sunlight
Is slowly changed to twilight,
And tired toilers leave the weary plow.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

The lively cricket's gladness,
The flitting firefly's madness,
Like distant bells or shining distant star,
The lazy June-bug's droning,
The katydid's intoning,
Like gentle music, sound now near, now
far.

Within the darkened chamber,
Like moving shadows somber,
The children drag their weary forms to bed;
The day in silence ending,
Their tired limbs unbending,
In slumber sinks each dreamy, drowsy head.

AN INVOCATION TO SLEEP

GENTLE Sleep, slowly creep;
Gently, slowly, surely hold him;
Wave your wand, magic wand,
In your lap of peace enfold him.
Weave a web of dreams around him,
Wrap a fold of cloud about him,
Bind a spell on baby's eyes,
Hush his sobs and still his cries.

THE LAND OF DREAMS

Welcome Sleep, sound and deep,
Kindly, sweetly, fondly still him.
Mild starlight, soft and bright,
With the sweetest tempers fill him.
Spin a veil of tangled moonbeams,
Crystal clear and pure the moonbeams,
Bathe his spirit fresh in dew,
Love him well as he loves you.

THE LAND OF DREAMS

A BEAUTIFUL land is the land of
dreams,

Surpassing the tongue to tell;
A land of flowers and birds and brooks,
Of woods and fields and shadiest nooks,
Like those one sees in picture books,
Delighting the children well.

A marvelous land is the land of dreams,
Its wonders beyond belief;
A land of witches and bottomless wells,
Of weird hobgoblins in far away cells,
Of charmed circles and magical spells,
And terrors in bold relief.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

A frolicsome land is the land of dreams,
Devoted to merriment;
A land of music and dance and mirth,
Of lively sallies that swell up your girth,
When jest and jollity tickle the earth
On missions of gladness sent.

A fanciful land is the land of dreams,
Its palaces paved with gold;
The sand on the shore of its silver sea
Sparkles with diamonds rich and free,
While the fish are of gold in the gold-fish
sea,
And are yours to have and hold.

MOTHER GOOSE

DEAR Mother Goose, with her half-
shut eye,
Is crooning and rocking her baby bye;
She sings of the boys and the girls in her
books,
Who grow to be tailors, and mothers and
cooks:—

MOTHER GOOSE

Of Daffy Down Dilly, and My Lady Ann,
Of Old Goody Two-Shoes, and My Little
Man,
Of Little Tom Tucker, and Taffy the thief,
Who tried to get off with the leg of a
beef;

Of Wee Willy Winkie, of Jack and his
Gill,
Of humble Jack Horner who ate with a will,
Of old Mother Hubbard, her dog and the
bone,
Of poor Simple Simon, of Darby and Joan.

Oh, what a mother she is, to be sure!
Her face is all wrinkled, her dresses look
poor,
Her nose is quite crooked, her teeth are
all loose,
Her voice is a cackle; she sings like a
goose.

But, ragged and crooked and aged and lame,
She seems like an angel to me just the same;
And many a time to her musical themes
I've wandered away to the country of
dreams.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

THE FANTASTIC WORLD OF
CHILDHOOD

I. SHADOW LAND

THERE'S a land that is known to be
 quaint and queer,
 That has neither day nor night,
But a shadowy, dim, enchanted haze
 Absorbs every glimmer of light;
Where every one moves in a murk and a mist
 Like shadowy ghosts in the dark,
Where vapors and dew you can seize in
 your fist
 Like the will-o-the-wisp in the park.

And heavy gray fog may be felt and seen,
 That hangs like a thunder cloud;
And you buffet the dark, it's so thick in
 your face,
 And the silence resounds aloud.
The shadows that flutter and float and dance
 As though they were all alive,
The specters in shrouds that glimmer and
 glance,
 To Nowhere will suddenly dive.

THE FANTASTIC WORLD

But the thoughts that you think in your
hazy head
Are as dreamy and vague as foam ;
And you build full many a castle in air,
And furnish it rich for a home.
And you drift till they vanish away in dreams,
Till lo! a soft gleam of light
Looms out of the gloom and the shadowy
dark
From slumber land glorious and bright.

II. THE DREAM COUNTRY

For just on the edge of the outermost glen,
That other land glitters full fair,
Where only the fleeciest clouds are afloat,
And only the balmiest air.
The daintiest flowers of valleys and nooks,
The elves singing softly and clear,
The bubble of fountains, the purling of
brooks
Make sweetest of music to hear.

You tread on a carpet of soft thistledown,
And rest upon cushions of moss ;
You eat all you wish of a nice bill of fare,
Served up with a napkin of floss.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

You ask of the fairies who live in the place,
With clothes made of woven moonbeams,
"Oh, give me a taste of your fresh mountain
dew,
That's better than honey or creams.

"Then spin me a skein of your silkiest thread,
And make me a garment full rare,
As soft and as fine as the best spider web,
And give me of grace a good share,
And slippers as glossy as feathers that shine,
With buckles of silver and gold,
And sashes as flossy as silver is fine,—
Then bring me a dollie to hold."

SAILOR'S LULLABY

O SWEET is the sleep of a sailor's child!
Sweet my child, sleep, my child.
The sea hath its melodies mild and wild,
Into the dreamland go.
It sings him a song of the maid of the mist,
Of the fair mermaid with a comb in her fist,
Her hair outstreaming, or rolled in a twist;
List to her melody:

SAILOR'S LULLABY

To the thud, thud of a wrathful sea,—
Ceaseless thud, loud and low,—
The mournful, moaning, hungry sea,
Into the dreamland go.

Over the waste of waters wild,
Sweet my child, sleep, my child.
Are billowy heaps in mountains piled;
Into the dreamland go.

The winds may rage, the rain may pour,
The ship may lurch, the sea may roar
In a gruff old baritone o'er and o'er
Its ancient melody:

To the thud, thud of an angry sea,—
To and fro, to and fro,—
Thumping, surging, ugly sea,
Into the dreamland go.

Rocked in an ocean cradle mild,
Sweet my child, sleep, my child,
Oft by its motions soft beguiled,
Into the dreamland go.

Soft is the kiss of the western breeze,
Smooth is the face of the great high
seas,

Sweet to my child are the memories
Of that old sea melody:

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

To the thud, thud of a heavy sea,
On we go, slow we go,
Rocked to the thud of a weary sea,
Into the dreamland go.

A CRADLE SONG

HIGH, low, the cradle rocks,
Baby pulls at baby's socks,
Brother Ben is building blocks,
High, low, the cradle rocks.

Rock, rock, the cradle goes,
Baby laughs and baby crows,
Counts his fingers and his toes,
Rock, rock, the cradle goes.

Back, forth, the cradle swings,
Mother to her baby sings,
Slumber to his eyes she brings,
Back, forth, the cradle swings.

Rock, rock, the cradle slow,
Byloland has baby so
He sleeps and dreams of mother O,
Rock, rock the cradle slow.

AN EVENTIDE SONG

AN EVENTIDE SONG

HUSH, my little one, hush!
The sun has left the lea,
'Tis time thy little bark to push
Into the silent sea.

Rest, my little one, rest!
Content with me to be.
The darkness steals across the west,
Its shadows fall on thee.

Peace, my little one, peace!
And pillow soft thy head.
Thy fretful murmurs now should cease,
While angels guard thy bed.

Sleep, my little one, sleep!
Thy mother loves thee true.
No pearl within the ocean deep
Is purer through and through.

Dream, my little one, dream!
Thy heart shall be the shrine
From out whose life a love shall beam,—
Thy father's love and mine.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

MATINS

THE twitter of birds in the apple trees,
The gray in the eastern sky,
The coolness borne on the morning breeze,
Or the lark's song passing by;

The drops like pearl on the fresh green grass,
The leaves all a-tremble with dew,
The gathering light on the window glass,
The house dog's yawn or two;

The stir of life on yard and lawn,
A warble, a call, a trill,
A red, like rose, to betoken dawn,
And the light growing brighter still;

The echoing tread of a passing foot,
The jolt of a farmer's rig,
The hurrying stamp of a squirrel's boot,
Or the sparrow's whistled jig;

A prattling babe in a near-by crib,
Or a chuckle thinned out to a grin,—
Are the dead sure signs that the night is
gone,
And the day with its work comes in.

AN OLD ENGLISH LULLABY

AN OLD ENGLISH LULLABY

DEAR mother is singing a sweet lullaby,
To hush the dear baby beginning to cry,
She says, when a baby, they sang it to her,
And grandmother heard it from her mother
Burr:—

“My dear cockadoodle, my jewel, my joy,
My darling, my honey, my pretty sweet
boy,
Before I do rock thee with soft lullaby,
Give me thy dear lips to be kissed, kissed,
kissed.”

It hasn't much merit, its rhyming is poor,
It's quite out of place for a girl, I am
sure;
Yet lacking in grammar, in music and art,
That song settled down long ago in my
heart:—

“My dear cockadoodle, my jewel, my joy,
My darling, my honey, my pretty sweet
boy,
Before I do rock thee with soft lullaby,
Give me thy dear lips to be kissed, kissed,
kissed.”

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

In England they're singing that very same song,
In nursery circles they pass it along;
To bless little people we sing it again,
Who join in the chorus and shout the amen:

"My dear cockadoodle, my jewel, my joy,
My darling, my honey, my pretty sweet
boy,

Before I do rock thee with soft lullaby,
Give me thy dear lips to be kissed, kissed,
kissed."

THE NIGHT EXPRESS

THE night express is a grand good train,
And it runs on a good road-bed.
It always keeps to its schedule time,
As it speeds through the dark ahead.

At six-forty-five it comes to town,
And it waits ten minutes to dine,
While the passengers board in cap and gown,
And set out for the journey fine.

At seven o'clock the train pulls out
With whistle and puff and ring,
The doors are shut and the good-byes said,
While the passengers laugh and sing.

A GOOD-NIGHT PAT

Oh, a jolly good train is the night express,
There are very few jolts or jars;
It has right of way, and the tickets read
through
In these patented sleeping cars.

Away in the dark goes the fast express,
And on through the long, long night,
Till the train stops still in the depot grand,
And the men cry aloud, "Daylight!"

A GOOD-NIGHT PAT

SHE snuggled him warm 'neath the cover-
let smart,
She patted his head with her hand,
She said a soft word that went straight to
his heart,
With the charm of a magical wand.

He covered his head with the pretty bed
spread,
As happy as any one could,
For dear little mother had patted his head,
'And told him she hoped he'd be good.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

And she knew from his smile and the
warmth of his kiss,
As he settled himself for the night,
That the joy in his heart was the next
thing to bliss,
That his mother, dear mother, was right.

The winds may blow gusts down the big
chimney place,
The rain patter fast on the pane,
There's a confident trust in the dear little face,
With a beautiful meaning and plain.

His mother has patted his dear little head,
Has said to him, "Dearie, good-night;"
So gladly he sleeps in his snug little bed,
Nor awakens till broad daylight.

INFANCY

THERE'S a touch of Heaven in his
bright blue eyes,
And his hair is tanned by the sun,
There's the color of rose in his dainty cheeks,
And his teeth are pearls each one.

THE LITTLE FLOWER GATHERER

There's a tender grace in his lips' red lines,
And a subtle tone in his voice,
There's a gentle charm in his childlike smile,
And it makes our hearts rejoice.

There's a dimple sweet on his tiny chin,
And a cunning shape to his nose,
There's a graceful curve to his rounded throat
And his flesh has the tint of the rose,

While a soul looks out of his sweet young
face

With an infinite mystery
That eludes my own when I try to peer
To the depths of his infancy.

THE LITTLE FLOWER GATHERER

WIDE-AWAKE, Wide-awake, where
are you going,

Gathering flowers the whole day long,
Weaving a chaplet of daisies for mother,
Stringing them all on a song?
You shall be mother's protector in future,
Gallant and fearless and strong.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Sleepy-head, Sleepy-head, where are you
going,

Wandering skyward in sleep and dreams,
Bringing big bunches of star gems for
mother,

Threaded on misty moonbeams?
The nosegay you hold in your hand is all
withered,

Forgotten in sleep, as it seems.

Curly-locks, Curly-locks, oh how I love you,

Waking or sleeping, my sunny boy,

Full of the tenderest, liveliest graces,

Clinging and cooing and coy!

You are the dearest of all my dear treasures,

Full of the spirit of joy.

THE HOUR OF SLEEP

THE flowers have folded their petals to
sleep,

The sun has set under the lea,

The darkness and stillness have settled on
all,

The fairies are calling for thee.

A CLOSE RESEMBLANCE

The trees are all hushed and the winds
are at rest,
Deep silence descends from on high,
The bird in the woodland has gone to
his nest,
The moon sweetly shines in the sky.

To weary and drowsy and sleepy young
pets,
Whose romping and shouting now cease,
The quiet of evening so gentle and soft
Is bringing the blessings of peace.

A CLOSE RESEMBLANCE

I WILL sing you a song of a sleepy boy
Who looked just like you.
He played on the floor for an hour or
more—
He looked just like you.
He played till his temper got "busted
through,"
So sleepy he didn't know what to do.
The song that I sing of the laddie is true,
And he looked just like you.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Now I'll tell *you* a tale of a *sleepy girl*
Who looked just like you.
Her eyes would flash, and her nose would
curl,—
She looked just like you.
She always hated to go to bed,
And cried till her face was a rosy red,
The drowsiest, frowsiest sleepy head,—
She looked just like you.

This whimsical, comical, bothersome chap,
I'm sure, looked like you;
This liveliest, loveliest, merriest lass,
'Tis true, looked like you.
They danced so dizzy the whole day through,
Their heads grew giddy and drowsy too,
Do you know who they were? Never tell
if you do!
They looked just like you.

A FAIRY TALE

A FAIRY perched on the children's bed
And gazed with a pensive sigh;
And said, "How I wish I had such a head
And could open and shut my eye!"

A FAIRY TALE

While the children dreamed of the fairy
books,
And thought to themselves in sleep,
"How I wish that I had pretty fairy
wings
And plenty of gold to keep!"

The fairy gazed with a stony stare
And said, "How I wish I knew
The half that is in the wise noddles of
these,
Or could work at the things they
do!"

While the children turned in their sleep
and dreamed
And said to themselves with a sigh,
"I wish I could live as the fairies live,
And look through a glass green eye!"

The fairy lifted his golden wand
And sang in a minor key,
"I'd give my wand with its magic charm
Just the brother of these to be!"
But the children woke as the fairy fled,
And said to their mother with glee,
"Dear mother, we talked to a fairy fay,
And *your* fairies we're going to be!"

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

LITTLE CRY-BABY

LITTLE Cry-baby from morning till night
Clings to his mother's dress;
He longs to be cuddled from morning till
night,

He weeps for her sweet caress.

"Little Cry-baby, dry your eyes,
Mother doesn't like her sweet baby's
cries.

Play with your doll, sing it lullabies,
Little Cry-baby, dry your eyes.

"Little Cry-baby, go haste you away,

Play with your brother Ben;

Mother is busy, too busy to play;

Cry-babies never make men.

Little Cry-baby, please don't cry;

Mother will rock her sweet baby-bye.

Why does he fret so and sob and sigh!

Little Cry-baby, please don't cry."

Little Cry-baby has gone away,

He worried his mother sore;

With a smile on his face he has gone "to play"

In a little white dress he wore.

LOOKING FORWARD AND BACKWARD

Little Cry-baby dreams and sleeps,
And a heartbroken mother now sighs
and weeps
To gaze once more in the blue-eyed deeps
Of her Cry-baby fast asleep.

A MOTHER LOOKING FORWARD AND BACKWARD

INTO his eyes with their wistful hue
The baby's young mother was peering;
A mystery lay in their sky-like blue
And love that was sweet and endearing;
And soon in the midst of her sweet reveries
Was her loving young spirit fast drifting,
At work on air castles and great prophecies
The veil from his future uplifting:
"How glad I shall be
When my baby is tall,
I'll walk by his side
And he'll love me withal;
His heart will be pure,
His purpose sincere,
His strong arm protection,
My boy without peer!"

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Years have gone by like a passing breath;
A sad-faced old mother is brooding,
Wan and wrinkled and touched by death,
Grim are the specters intruding.
She thinks of her son and his life wrecked
at last,
Besotted with drinking and sinning;
She thinks of the beauty of love that is
past,
The child of her youth again winning:
"How glad would I be,
If my son were a child
As pure and as sweet
As his babyhood wild;
His life and his soul
Were now pure from stain,
And he in my arms
My sweet baby again."

SING A SONG OF BEDTIME

SING a song of bedtime,
Tiny chubby toes,
Tired, fretful bodies
Filling up with woes,

SING A SONG OF BEDTIME

Peepers winking, blinking,
Head a-nodding so;
"Want a drink of water,
Please, before I go."

Bennie wants some water;
Now he wants a "piece;"
Bossy as a badger,
Noisier than geese.
Now he wants his dolly,
"Lamb with woolly fleece."
Get him all he asks for
Just to keep the peace!

Now they're making ready,
Dainty snowy gowns,
Pretty downy bedclothes,
Mingled smiles and frowns;
Sunny tumbled tresses
Pillowed soft and low;
"Double kiss for mother
Just before I go."

Sing a song of bedtime,
Sweetest time of all,
Soothing little heartaches
Up and down the hall;

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Weary wayward toddlers
Snugly stowed away,
Sleep soon comes to keep them
Till another day.

ROCK-A-BYE, HUSH-A-BYE, LULL-A-BYE

ROCK-A-BYE, rock-a-bye, rare little
rover,
Running and racing the whole day through;
Love, close his blue eyes,
Dear little bright eyes,
Fairies, come take him to you.

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, list, little lover,
Calling for mother the whole long day;
Dreams, kiss his sweet eyes,
Drowsy young blue eyes,
Clear as a sky in May.

Lull-a-bye, lull-a-bye, just like his daddy,
Learning to love me the whole day long;
Sleep, seal his bright eyes,
Loving soft blue eyes,
How does he like my song?

BYE, BABY, BYE

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye, lull-a-bye, laddie,
Sleeping and dreaming of joy and love;
 Closed are his dear eyes,
 Bonnie bright blue eyes,
Mother's soft cooing dove.

BYE, BABY, BYE

LAY your head down on your mother's
 breast,
 Bye, baby, bye,
Mother will watch o'er her baby blest,
 Bye, baby, bye;
Moonbeams bright with their misty wings,
 Bye, baby, bye,
Kiss the baby while mother sings,
 Bye, baby, bye.

Pillow your cheek on your mother's arm,
 Bye, baby, bye,
Mother will shield you from every harm,
 Bye, baby, bye;
Out of the sky with a shower of dreams,
 Bye, baby, bye,
Fairies come floating on silvery streams,
 Bye, baby, bye.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Cuddle yourself in your mother's lap,
Bye, baby, bye;
Cuddle yourself for a peaceful nap,
Bye, baby, bye.
The fays will find you and love you true,
Bye, baby, bye,
My love and my life hover over you,
Bye, baby, bye.

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER

LIST, "Now I lay me down to sleep;"
It is the children praying;
Low bending at their mother's knee,
I hear their voices saying :

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep"—
Oh, hear them yet imploring,
A tender grace to older hearts
Their childish faith restoring!

"If I should die before I wake"—
The words are scarcely spoken
When memory wakes up the past
And proves His care unbroken.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

"I pray the Lord my soul to take,"
Chimes in each childish treble,
And then their prattle turns away
To book or doll or pebble.

That evening prayer, though, means so
much
To all the children praying!
Their souls with God it keeps in touch,
And will through all their straying.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

THERE is a fairy land, far, far away,
Ruled by a kingly hand, far, far
away;
There, all the gossips say,
Magic pipers dance and play—
Dance with the fairy fay, far, far away.

In that enchanted land, long, long ago,
Inside a castle grand, long, long ago,
There slept a maiden fair,
Beautiful beyond compare,
Waiting her lover there, long, long ago.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

After a hundred years, long, long ago,
Love beaming through his tears, long, long
ago,
Swift came her lover fair,
Kissed the maiden rich and rare,
Waked, won, and wed her there, long,
long ago.

To that enchanted land, far, far away,
Lead dolly by the hand, far, far away;
Then mother swift will come,
Kiss and wake her Sugar-plum,
As the knight of fairydom, far, far away.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
She has tumbled them into a corner;
She stops playing shepherd and dozes away
As happy as little Jack Horner.

Little Bo-peep has sheep to keep,
They are wandering off in the valley;
Farther and farther away they roam—
Sweet Shepherdess, why do you dally?

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-peep is fast asleep,
Is dreaming queer dreams in the corner;
Her bib and her tucker are crumpled, and she
Is a sight — she was never forlorn.

Little Bo-peep, in slumber deep,
Doesn't know about sheep—for a wonder.
'Twould take forty crickets to wake her, I
guess,
Or else a loud peal of thunder.

Little Bo-peep begins to weep.
How I pity the dear little mourner!
She cries for her sheep just as soon as she
wakes,
Over there in the nursery corner.

Little Bo-peep and her nursery sheep
Are playing again in the corner.
Oh, days they are happy and days they are
sweet,
To little Bo-peep and Jack Horner!

Little Bo-peep will slowly creep
Into womanhood. Then, mother, mind
her!
She'll forget all about her dear nursery sheep
And the tales she has left behind her.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

THE OLD NURSE

THE nurse had hair that was silver white,
And her voice was sweet and low,
And her wrinkled face wore a sunny smile,
And her step was soft and slow.
In her soft arms laid, to her bosom pressed,
With a merry, merry bright blue eye,
Would a tender maid, like a fairy dressed,
As a pretty little dream flower lie.

This dear old nurse knew a pretty song,
Which she sang with her sweet low voice,
While her face lit up with the good glad smile
So it made one's heart rejoice.
In her soft strong arms, to her bosom
pressed,
With a gentle little coo the while,
Nurse soothed her alarms, lulled the child
to rest,
By the power of her song and smile.

Said the dear old nurse, "In my cosy lap
Come and rest your weary head,
Come, settle yourself for your forenoon nap,
Lest the day be swiftly sped."

THE NEST CRADLE

In her cosy lap, to her bosom pressed,
Through the murky, misty shadow land,
By that forenoon nap was the maiden blessed,
Clinging soft to the nurse's hand.

THE NEST CRADLE

ROCK-A-BYE, birdie, in the tree-top,
Swung by each passing breeze;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
Lashed to the boughs of the trees.
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Rolling around and around,
Down will come cradle and birdie and all
A-tumbling out on the ground.

Rock-a-bye, birdie, in the tree-top,
Night settles down from the sky;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
Tossed by the storm sweeping by.
When the bough breaks the cradle will
fall,
Wrecked by the force of the blast;
Down will come cradle and birdie and all—
Nesting and brooding are past.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

A PROMISE TO BABY

"**I** WILL buy you a dream, little man.
What kind do you wish? tell me true.
Come, close to me nestle,
My pretty rose petal,
What kind shall I purchase for you?

"A kindly old man has these dreams,
For baby and sister and you.
While poppies are steeping
Your eyelids for sleeping,
I'll ask him to send you a few.

"I know the old house where he lives
Down the lane where he keeps his big
store;
He sells sweet caresses,
To bind up wee tresses,—
I've been there quite often before.

"So close tight your eyes, little dear,
Till I fetch you the best that he sells;
I'll buy you the rarest,
The choicest, the fairest,
That brownies make deep in their dells."

PUTTING THE BABY TO SLEEP

I lulled him to sleep in my lap,
Thus I comforted little Boy Blue,—
 When a thing is ideal,
 It also is real,
How else would his dreaming come true?

Else wishing and having are dreams,
Are dreaming awake and at will,
 All living's a lie,
 To wake is to die,—
Begone! I believe in them still.

PUTTING THE BABY TO SLEEP

COME, mother's sweet darling must sleep,
 Must close up his two little eyes;
 He's mother's sweet cherry,
 And little round berry,
As dainty and soft as the skies;
But mother's wee baby must sleep,
He's drowsy and tired to-night,
 Come here where it's cozy,
 My ring-around-rosy,
And cuddle down soft for the night.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

He's mother's sweet dear little lamb,
He's mother's soft cooing young dove,
I'll sing him a ditty
That's tender and pretty
If only he'll sleep as he should;
For mother's wee baby must sleep,
There's dust on his eyelids to-night;
So take mother's blessing,
And gentle caressing,
And cuddle down soft for the night.

WAKING SONG

A WAKE, awake,
'Tis now daybreak,
The light is gaily streaming;
Awake, awake,
From slumber wake,
'Tis time to cease from dreaming.

Arise, arise,
The morning flies,
The day is swift advancing;
Arise, arise,
Dear drowsy eyes,
All merry maids are dancing.

IN THE ARMS OF MORPHEUS

Away, away,
To work and play,
With lively shout and laughter;
Away, away,
Enjoy the day,
And sleep will follow after.

IN THE ARMS OF MORPHEUS

WEARLY he shuts his eyes,
Ended the day.
Heavy his body lies,
Tired of play.
Arms limp and breathing slow,
Mouth open wide;
Sleep has him now, I know,
Sweet dreams beside.

Carry him gently hence,
Soft lay him down.
Lightly, on tiptoe, thence,
All noises drown.
On through the stilly night,
Silent he grows;
What future holds the wight
Nobody knows.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

MOTHER'S WEE WILLIE WINKIE
LAD

WHO is as bright as a day in June,
Who is as fresh as a rose,
Whose baby prattle is like an old tune,
Who has a pretty wee nose?

Who is as sweet as a sugar plum,
Who is as fine as a peach,
Who likes the noise of a great big drum,
Who eats every thing within reach?

Who has a dimple above his chin,
Who has a merry smile,
Who likes to chuckle and cheerily grin,
And does it most all the while?

Who has a voice that is rich and sweet,
Sweet as the note of a thrush,
Who has ten piggies on two little feet,
And a little tow-head to brush?

Who has a laugh like the merry brook,
That bubbles in sharps and flats,
Who likes to look at a picture book,
And imitate dogs and cats?

A TWILIGHT SONG

Who has these things I am telling about,
Who is a constant joy?
Mother's dear Wee Willie Winkie lad,
Mother's dear little boy.

A TWILIGHT SONG

DEAR baby, hush!
There's a lull in all labor
Busily bounding from hour to hour;
Twilight has come, and night-time, its
neighbor,
Slow is beginning to lower.

Come then and rest!
Night voices are calling,
Crickets and katydids sing each to each;
Fireflies are flitting and dream flowers are
falling
All for my dear little peach.

Rest thee in peace,
Oh my dear little rover,
Shouting and laughing at work as at play!
Rest thee and sleep, my sweet bee in the clover,
Sipping at honey all day!

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Lie down and sleep,
The stars are now shining,
Hushed are the field-flowers silent and still!
The great evening star in the west is declining,
The moon rises over the hill.

Sleep on and dream,
Oh, sweet be thy slumber!
Weary one, sleep while the dear angels guard.
Thus through the nights and the days without number
They will keep watch o'er their ward.

A SLUMBER SPELL

HUSH, my baby, do not cry,
List to mother's lullaby!
Go to sleep, my blithe bluebell,
Mother brings a slumber spell.

Like the haze in eastern skies
Is the mist in baby's eyes,
Eyes whose beauty none can tell,
Yielding to my slumber spell.

OFF FOR SLUMBER ISLAND

Go to sleep, my baby bye,
Safe on mother's breast you lie;
Snug and warm, it suits you well,
Lulled by mother's slumber spell.

Peace and rest are drawing nigh,
Sleep is kissing baby bye;
Down he goes, awhile to dwell,
Underneath my slumber spell.

OFF FOR SLUMBER ISLAND

HEAVE, ho! heave, ho!
The South winds blow,
The tide to the sea has begun to flow;
And the odor of pine
With the odor of brine,
Is moving to sea from the ocean line.

Heigh, ho! heigh, ho!
O breathe and blow!
Encircle the bed of my baby, O;
Ye winds of the West,
Bring sleep to the nest,
And seal up the eyes of my baby blest.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

O good strong boat
On the sea afloat,
My boy to the Slumber Islands tote!
With the moving tide,
O'er the waters glide,
As into the haven of rest you ride.

O mild moonlight!
O stars of night!
Shine soft on the face of my baby bright;
With magical charms
Allay his alarms,
And return him safe to his mother's arms.

BABY BYE

I DO love you through and through, baby
bye,
And I love you strong and true, baby bye;
Sweet and bright is your love light,
And to love you seems just right, baby bye.

I shall love you as you grow, baby bye,
You shall be your mother's beau, baby bye;
Each day through, I love you true,
And my soul doth cleave to you, baby bye.

ASLEEP

I shall love you when I'm old, baby bye,
And my love shall not grow cold, baby bye;
Soft and slow, I rock you so
To the land of sweet balow, baby bye.

I shall love you till I die, baby bye,
You're the light of mother's eye, baby bye;
Sing ye soft, and sing ye low,
And I love you, that I know, baby bye.

ASLEEP

ASLEEP, behold his sweet face smiling!
Angels are whispering secrets true;
With life and love his heart beguiling,
As sweet and pure as morning dew.

Asleep, oh, see my rosebud resting,
My dewdrop crystal fresh and pure,
My lily-bloom love's power is testing,
Is making heaven more real and sure.

Asleep, oh, list his gentle breathing!
The winds are wafting perfumes rare,
With bud and bloom his cheeks enwreathing,
And kissing sunlight in his hair.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Asleep, and lo, the Prince of Heaven
Is crowning his beloved in sleep!
There are six things He loveth, yea, seven,
These in thy crown, He giving, keep.

Asleep, oh love, oh life endearing!
How rich and sweet to gaze on thee!
Joy fills my heart at thought of rearing
This sweet young life God gives to me.

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE

THE MOTHER IN SWITZERLAND, HER BABE IN AMERICA

THE voice of the turtle is heard in the
land,
The loveliest music afloat,
The time of its nesting and brooding 's at
hand,
Oh, list to its musical note!
Fly away, fly away, fly away, birdie,
Swift with a message of love,
Tell to my dearie that life would be dreary
Without the soft coo of my dove.

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE

Blow, ye soft winds from the far western
hills,

Laden with promise of June,
Bring o'er the waters a message that thrills,
All under the silvery moon!

Come again, come again, come again, birdie,
Sing of my own turtle dove,
Sing of my dearie—I'm weary, I'm weary,
Oh, comfort my heart with his love!

The voice of the turtle is heard in the
land;

It sings to its own turtle dove,
"Your feathers are fluffy and pretty and
soft,

As soft as the blue up above."
Fly away, fly away, fly away, birdie,
Carry my message of love,
Say to my dearie—I'm weary, I'm weary,
Sing him the song of the dove.

Floating and flitting and winging and sing-
ing,

Oh, list to the message he brings,
"Thy love is the nearest and truest and
dearest
And sweetest of all pretty things."

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

Come again, come again, come again,
birdie,
Sing me that song of my dove,
Sing of my dearie the song that is cheery,
Tender and sweet as his love.

THE NIGHT FERRYMAN

O FERRYMAN, ferryman, what of the
river?

The sun has gone down, and the dark-
ness ensues.

O ferryman, tell us, are you the good
giver

Who takes little children across without
dues?

Then ho, for the journey that soon must
be taken,

All cuddled up safe in the ferryman's
boat!

It's a fine trip to take, and it's hard to
awaken,

When slumbering sweet in the best ship
afloat.

THE RESTLESS CHILD

O ferryman, ferryman, what shall betide us,
Weary worn pilgrims who should be at
rest?

O'er the dark waters, O ferryman, guide us!
Lend us an oar, and we'll give thee our
best.

Then ferry us safely across the dark waters,
There's cloud in the sky and the dark
creepeth on,
Then ferry us swiftly as though your own
daughters
Were pleading for passage as night sweep-
eth on.

O ferryman, ferryman, now we are drifting
Off to the islands of slumber and peace;
Gently we float with the tide, and the motion
Lulleth to rest as our murmurings cease.

THE RESTLESS CHILD

IS Sleep a stranger to my dear babe yet,
Will he not close thine eyes,
Nor silence haste to seal thy lips,
While the swift night-time flies?

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

If only some fantastic dream
Would steal across thy mind,
Or else some dainty lullaby
Come to thee on the wind!

All motion yet? ah, restless child!
Long since the wild flowers sleep;
The birds, too, fold their weary wings
In rest prolonged and deep.

If only some bright fairy's smile
Would lull thy wakeful heart;
If only one would wave his wand,
The ghosts of sleep to start!

He sleeps, and from my weary watch,
With aching head and brain,
I settle down. Come, gentle sleep,
Distil thy drops like rain.

AN ORCHARD NAP

THE gentle Zephyrs, out one day,
Kissed soft a little child at play,
With pearly dew his eyelids filled,
Which Naiads of the sea distilled.

A NURSERY LULLABY

The gentle Nymphs of wood and grove
Surrounded him and mildly strove,
The Sunbeams warmed his rosy cheek,
A Zephyr kissed his forehead meek.

The Robins filled the air with song;
The Larks with carols helped along;
The Breezes wafted sweet perfume
From every clover top in bloom.

The Pixie people in the glades
Dropped shovels, axes, picks and spades,
To help the Brownies haul a bed
Of moss and roses for his head.

The Fairies spun a web of dreams,
And floated him on silvery streams;
He soon forgot his work and play,
And went to sleep just where he lay.

A NURSERY LULLABY

THE weary doll has closed her eyes,
And so has sister Sue,
The soldier lads are fast asleep,
So you sleep too.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

The sawdust dog is dreaming now,
Poor puss has ceased to mew,
The stuffed giraffe has gone to sleep,
So you sleep too.

The woolly lamb is nodding low,
The silly sheep doze true,
The old rag doll is wrapt in sleep,
So you sleep too.

The rubber duck has ceased to quack,
The drowsy cow won't moo,
The big tin top tries hard to sleep,
So you sleep too.

The hobby horse is tired out,
The candy mouse looks blue,
The Brownies all are lost in sleep,
So you sleep too.

A VISIT TO SLEEPY HOLLOW

I. GETTING READY

COME, put away soldiers and blocks,
And let down your dear dollie's tresses;
Then off with your gaiters and socks,
And off with your pretty new dresses.

A VISIT TO SLEEPY HOLLOW

For each in a dainty white gown,
With a little church service to follow,
The children prepare to go down
To visit the old Sleepy Hollow.

It lies on an isle in the sea,
With the waters of Lethe surrounded,
Where fairies dance daily with glee,
Where music and mirth are unbounded.

II. THE START

The signals say ready to start,
The whistles are merrily blowing,
The farewells go straight to one's heart,
The richest of blessings bestowing.

As soon as the pilot says go,
They slip from the sturdy old harbor,
The sailors begin their heave ho,
From larboard, and windward, and star-
board.

In a dainty white steamer they sail,
With storm winds and waves it will
wrestle,
A jolly good craft in a gale,
And jolly the crew of the vessel.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

III. THE JOURNEY

The steamer swings out to the tide,
Creeps slowly out past the dread narrows,
The channel grows suddenly wide,
Then straight as an Indian's arrows.

Away o'er the billows of sleep,
How gentle and dreamy the motion!
The vessel speeds off for the deep,
The pilot steers straight for the ocean.

Thus under the stars and the moon,
And wafted by mild western breezes,
Their journey is over too soon,
Each lands from the boat where he
pleases.

IV. SLEEPY HOLLOW

There dwells on the island a man
Who loves little children most dearly;
He does for them all that he can,
And does it both daily and yearly.

With music and songs, see, he comes,
To lead them all down to the Hollow;
With trumpets and dollies and drums,
The children all eagerly follow.

GOING TO BED

He gives to them marbles and tops,
Popcorn that is sugared, and candy,
He gives to them ginger that pops,
And everything else that is handy.

V. THE RETURN

Then back to the ship they are led,
Each passenger laden with honey,
On feathers and roses they tread,
And each with a purse full of money.

They catch at the incoming tide,
And back o'er the billows come bounding;
The tales that they tell of the ride
Are simply and truly astounding.

Then on go the gaiters and socks,
And on go the pretty new dresses,
Then out come the soldiers and blocks,
And up go the dear dollie's tresses.

GOING TO BED

THIS is the way to slumber land,
Slumber land, slumber land,
This is the way to slumber land,
When darkness settles down.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

You make a light on the nursery wall,
Nursery wall, nursery wall,
And mother takes you one and all,
A story sweet to tell.

You dress yourself in cap and gown,
Cap and gown, cap and gown,
You say your prayers without a frown,
And mother kiss good-night.

You take your dollie in your arms,
In your arms, in your arms;
It drives away all sorts of harms,
To hold your dollie close.

Well, when you tumble into bed,
Into bed, into bed,
And nestle soft your drowsy head,
On pillows white and sweet,

To dreamy fields away you go,
Away you go, away you go;
To sleep and dream is good, you know,
For little boys and girls.

So that's the way to slumber land,
To slumber land, to slumber land,
That's the way to slumber land,
When darkness settles down.

A POEM WITH A PURR-PUSS

A POEM WITH A PURR-PUSS

A TABBY with two little kits one day
Was trying to close her eyes;
She curled herself up in a ring this way,
And wagged with her ears at the flies.
But the little cats bothered their poor old
Tab;
They blew in her ears, at her tail made a grab,
Sat down on her head, gave her nose a jab,
And wakened her with their cries.

These bothersome kitties were such a tease
Old Tabbie was quite put out,
So asked for a dozen or two of fleas,
To put her two kitties to rout.
The fleas went to work with a ve vo vum,
To *fleo*, *bitere*, *itchi* and *scratchum*,
And did up the job so the kittens said
"Dumb!"
And chased their cat tails about.

The two little pussies at last called quit,
And forthwith began to cry;
They said they were tired of being bit,
And Tabbie exclaimed, "So am I."

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

But they fussed and they teased and they
tugged at her,
Till she snuggled them warmly against her
fur,
And she purred to her pussies a right good
purr,
Till all fell asleep, Oh my!

Now mother's dear pussie must close her eyes,
And nestle right down in bed,
Or mother will call for some bluebottle flies,
To buzz round her pretty brown head.
So the puss cuddled down in a nice warm
place,
And buried her pretty sweet paddies and face,
And gave not a ghost of a sign, nor a trace,
Of aught that was done or said.

MOON, HIDE YOUR LIGHT

MOON, moon, hide your light;
Sink, sink into night!
Baby wonders at the skies,
Baby will not close her eyes;
Moon, hide your light!

THE DREAM TREE

Stars, stars, cease to shine,
Soft bright eyes are thine,
Sealing baby's eyes that weep,
Soothing her with gentle sleep,
Stars, cease to shine!

Moon, stars, now good-night!
Shed soft silver light.
Little laddies, slumber deep,
Bonnie lassies are asleep;
Moon, stars, good-night!

THE DREAM TREE

AWAY on the tops of the high dream
trees,

I can see the sweet fruit that they bear,
In clusters and bunches as big as you please,
And no one to frighten you there.

Your mother hath shaken a sweet dream tree
Full oft for her dearie before,
And down came a shower of dreams upon
thee:

She'll do it yet many times more.

LULLABIES AND SLUMBER SONGS

While some are as big as a popcorn ball,
There are others the size of a bead,
A few are like dollies, some short and some
tall,
Exactly the kind that you need.

They swing from the boughs of a fine
dream tree;
They ripen each day in the year,
Then tumble right into your lap, don't
you see,
Enough and to spare, never fear!

But mother's wee darling will not be on hand
To gather the dreams when they fall,
So rock-a-bye, darling, hie off to that land,
And mother will hear if you call.

HUSH-A-BYE

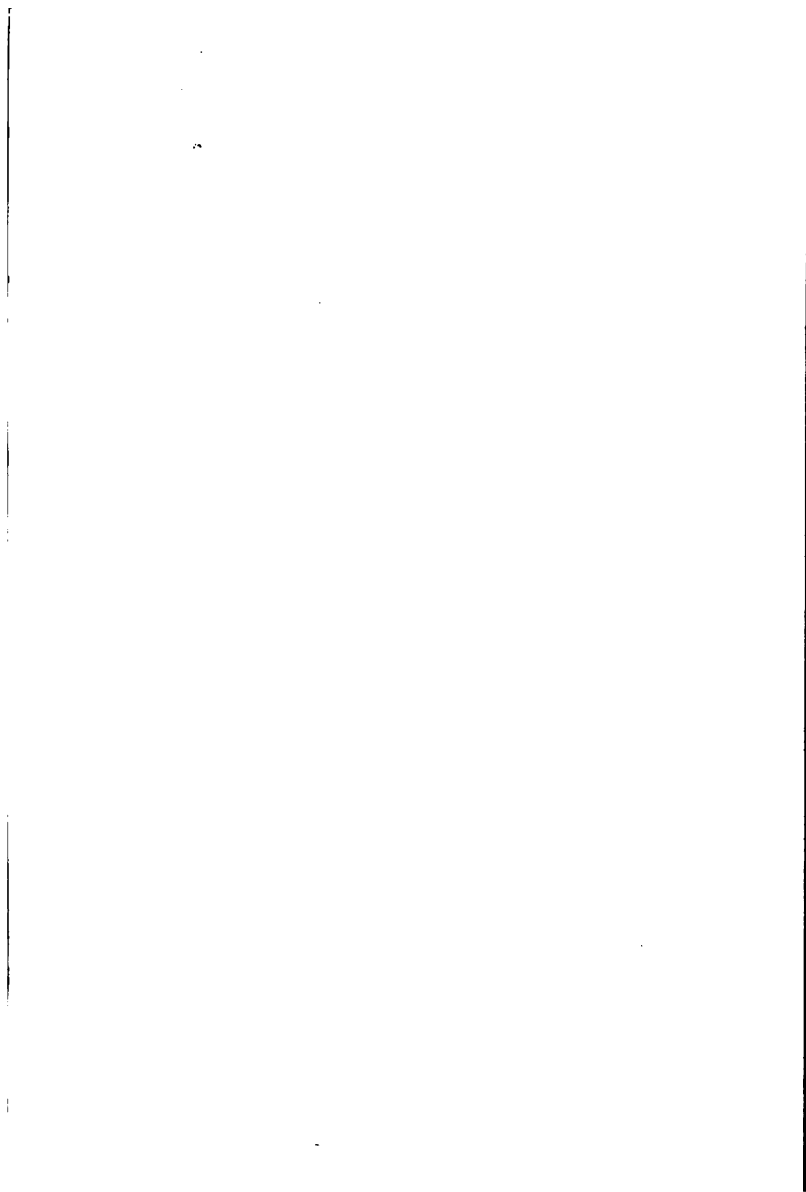
THE sun has gone to his couch in the
west,
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye;
The flowers have folded their petals to rest,
The squirrel has gone to his hollow tree nest,
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye.

HUSH-A-BYE

Thy father sails out on the sea to-night,
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye;
While the lights are out in the sleepy town,
He'll troll all night with the lines let down,
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye.

The baby will sail in his warm, snug boat,
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye;
Across the night from the dark to the day,
From the sunset dusk to the sunrise gay,
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye.

The bird has its nest on a bough overhead,
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye;
The squirrel is housed in a hole, as I said;
But baby will sleep in a snug little bed,
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye.



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